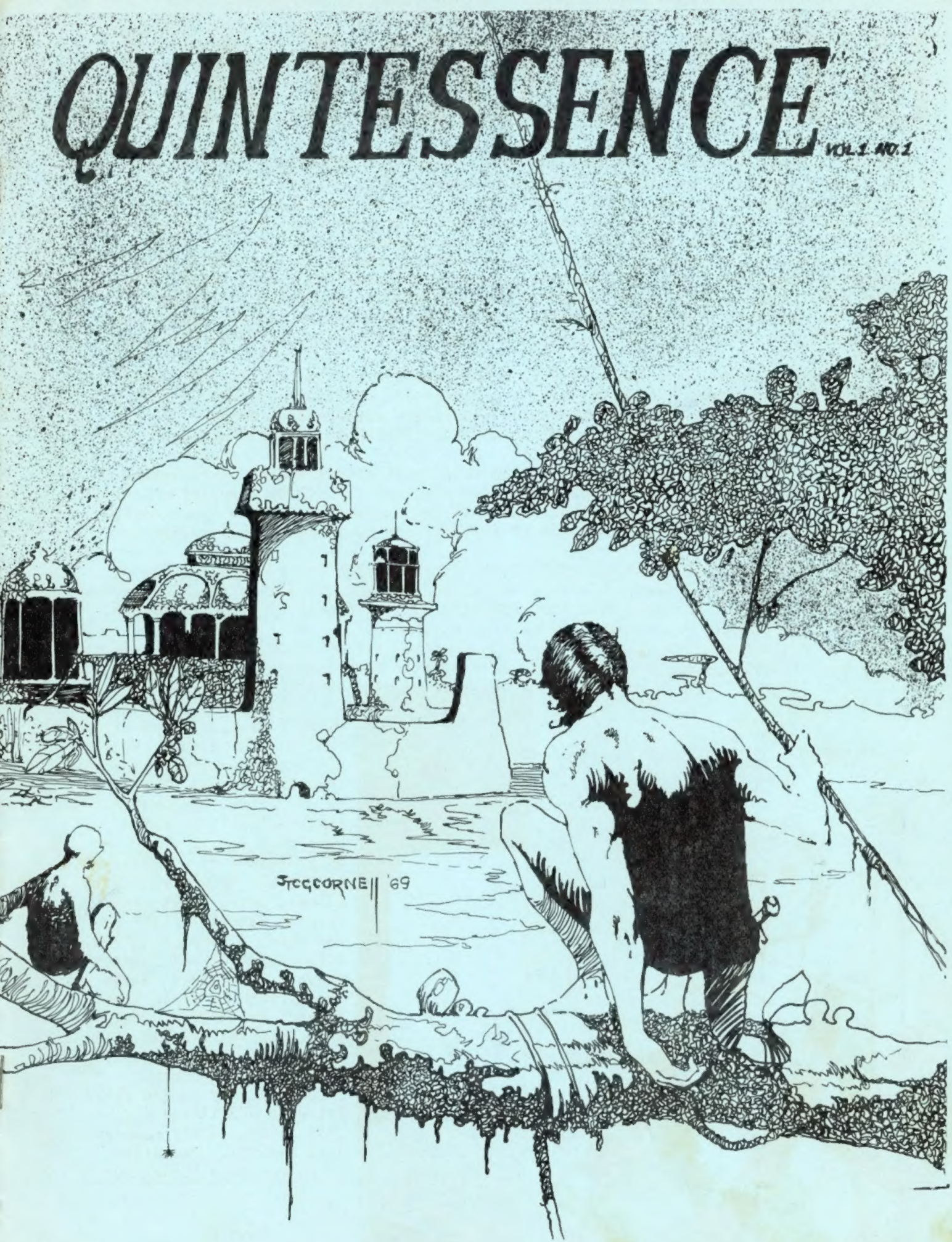
QUINTESSENCE

VOL. 1 NO. 1



EDITORIAL

Well, we finally made it, and tho our first issue of QUINTESSENCE isn't as good as we had hoped it would be, you have to start somewhere, right? Right. So, if you have any gripes, suggestions, etc., please send a LOC (letter of comment). And if you can turn out quality material, why not send a contribution to our second issue? Remember, readers, if we are to have a quality fanzine you people must help.

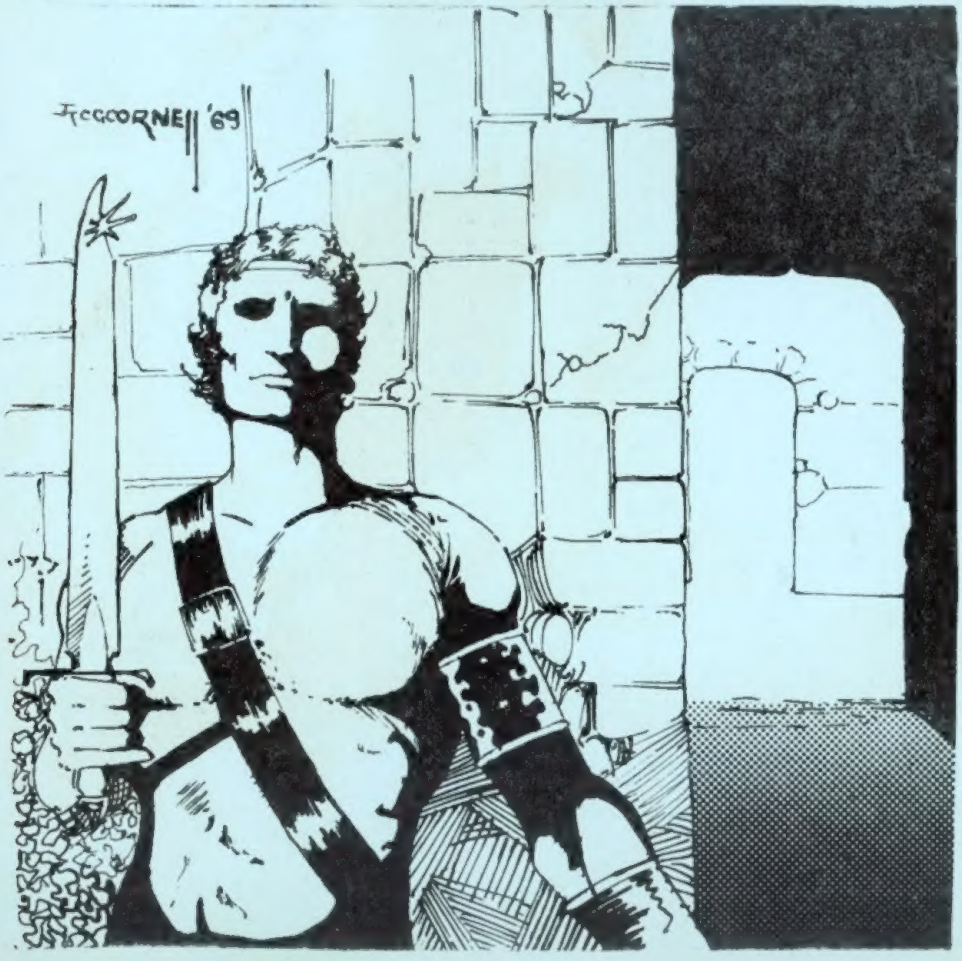
Our writers will vary each issue, so we welcome any thought-out articles, cols, and anything else which might interest the readers. Our staff of artists will likely be the same each issue, consisting of KLAUS JANSON, TED WHITE, JOHN CORNELL, and DAVE RUSSELL. We feel that each of these is excellent, and we hope you agree. Each issue will probably feature a guest artist, and if reader reaction warrents it he will join our staff.

One of our features next issue will be a contest open only to UNITED COMIC BOOK FANS INTERNATIONAL members, so if you aren't a member I'd advise you to send 25¢ to join to David Tyson or Garrett Everett immediately (addresses elsewhere). Members get a UCBFI card, a free newsletter, a discount on QNT (QUINTESSENCE), and all sorts of goodies.

UNDYING THANKS DEPT: I would like to take this space to express my appreciation to SHIRLEY GORMAN and SCOTT SHAW, the two membership chairmen for UCBFI; especially Shirl, without whose help this first issue would not have been possible. I also thank everyone else who has helped (and that's a lot of people!) and everyone who has waited patiently for this fanzine.

QNT is affiliated with SYNTONIC NEWSLETTER, and we'd like you to try an issue of that fanzine. Published offset, this zine could use some work, but it's actually pretty good. 25¢ will get you an issue from TODD FREEMAN, JR., 2916 Lakeridge Court, Dayton, Ohio 45408. Personally recommended for reading enjoyment.

What do you think of the colored paper? Do you like it, or would you rather have it on white paper? Perhaps another color---? We'd like to hear comments on this and everything else in QNT, so get those LOC's in, y'hear? We will probably have a LOC section next issue. Would you rather we print excerpts from the letters we receive or one or two letters in their entireity? Let's hear from you...



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KING PARRISH

By Bucky Larkins

One of my favorite books is Norman Rockwell's delightful autobiography, My Adventures As An Illustrator; one of my favorite illustrators is Norman Rockwell who is undoubtedly America's foremost genre painter and "best-loved illustrator". But Mr. Rockwell, it seems, cannot tolerate fantasy, for at one point in his autobiography he begins to name illustrators whom he has admired, and then, after naming Pyle, Remington, and Wyeth, he suddenly announces that he does not like artists who go around puting big earthenware jars in their pictures. Why,what a peculiar thing to say, Norman! Well, I suppose Rockwell thought he was being nice by not naming the artist whose work he dislikes (although if he was really nice he would not have mentioned it at all),but the allusion to the jars points unmistakably to one man: Maxfield Parrish.Who?Maxfield Parrish, America's first "best-loved illustrator".

A CENTURY MINUS FIVE

Frederick Maxfield Parrish was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on July 25, 1870 (his birthday is noted on most birthday calendars). His parents were Stephen Parrish (1846-1938), the landscape painter and etcher, and Elizabeth Bancroft Parrish, from whom Maxfield presumedly inherited mechanical inclinations. It was this love for mechanics along with the artistic gifts from his father that prompted Maxfield Parrish's two early occupational ambitions:carpentry and architecture. Fortunately for posterity, he soon abandoned these boyhood ambitions and turned to the vocation that was to make him the highest paid and most popular artist of his time. And yet he died on March 30, 1966 with only a retrospective exhibit, "A Second Look at Maxfield Parrish"(which was organized by the Guggenheim Museum and Bennington College), saving him from almost complete obscurity. It is said that when the showing opened at the Gallery of Modern Art most of the visitors were astonished that the creator of the works was still alive....

DELECTATIONS

It is perhaps significant that reference-source entries on Maxfield Parrish usually begin like this: "Parrish, Maxfield;American artist....". Note the word "artist" is used, not "illustrator" (which is applied in the case of Norman Rockwell,by the way). Much the same sentiments were expressed by Samuel Isham in his book, The History of American Painting (1905): "It is hard to draw a line between the two camps (painters and illustrators) and to decide that Albert Sterner and Arthur I. Keller, for instance, are not painters; and logic has still greater violence done it when the title is denied to Maxfield Parrish because his very complete and beautiful paintings are made to be reproduced in magazines..."

"KING PARRISH" continued on next page...

Maxfield Parrish was an artist. He studied first at Haverford College, next at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and lastly at the Drexel Institute under Howard Pyle. Parrish began his professional career with an April 1895 cover for Harper's Weekly, and from then on, through the twilight of the Golden Age of Illustration, he rapidly ascended to a position as America's foremost illustrator. Magazines he worked for included the leaders of the day: Century, St. Nicholas, Scribner's, Collier's, and Harper's. Book comission's naturally came his way; among the books he illustrated were: Mother Goose In Prose; Irving's Knickerbocker's History of New York; Hawthorne's Tanglewood Tales and The Wonder Book; Kenneth Grahame's Dream Days and The Golden Age; Edith Wharton's A Duchess At Prayer and Italian Villas and Their Gardens; for Scribner's, Eugene Field's Poems of Childhood; and Kate Douglas Wiggins' Arabian Nights (both of these last books are still in print). Parrish's advertisements and catalog covers were well known, and in 1934 the Brown and Bigelow company began buying a picture a year and reproducing them on million-selling calendars. In 1961, after a career spanning 66 years, Maxfield Parrish painted his last picture.

In many ways Maxfield Parrish was a fantasist -- not so much a cosmic like Clark Ashton Smith or a psuedo-mythology fantasist like Lord Dunsany, but a fantasist nevertheless. To the depiction of his own unique fantasy Parrish brought a superior and strikingly individual technique in either inks, watercolor, or oils (the story has it that he worked almost exclusively in ink until the winter of 1901, when, as he was recuperating from tuberculosis at a sanitarium in the Adirondack Mountains, his ink froze, forcing him to switch to oils). But what is the Parrish fantasy? For one thing it is figures portrayed with a photographically realistic style and captured at a moment of contemplative dreaming; a moment of absolute tranquility; a moment of supreme ecstasy. These characters of a Parrish painting smile happily and gaze with faraway stares, and there is no hint of reality's grim shadow. And then there are landscapes done with a style worthy of Church, Cropsey, or Lewis, but with less preoccupation on the sublime. A Parrish landscape suggests a peaceful afternoon, with slanting, golden sunlight playing on ancient, noble trees and blissful meadows, or, at other times, there are snow-bound farms with their cozy habitation nestled in exquisitely painted trees. The Parrish motif is perhaps best illustrated by the titles of some of his works: "Land of Makebelieve" "Dreaming", "Daybreak", "Garden of Allah", "Lute Players", "Cleopatra", "Reveries", "Rubaiyat", "Stars", "Twilight", "Tranquility", and "Ah, Naughty Pandora!". Many of these paintings contained a color popularly known as "Maxfield Parrish Blue" which the artist said was made from lapis lazuli. In every one of the paintings there is evidence of Parrish's great ability as a designer--he obviously benefited from contemporary art nouveau schools of design. The paint itself is applied so smoothly that the ori-

"KING PARRISH" cont'd., next page.....

ginals look like reproductions,and, with the numerous glazes, the pictures seem refulgent,glowing with enchanted brightness. As remarked before, Parrish was a master technician; possibly a viewer's first reaction to a Parrish painting is to touch the clay to see if it soils his hand, or to try to pluck a leaf from a tree--it's that realistic. And perhaps that is one of the secrets of Maxfield Parrish's success--even as Dali's realistic style makes his surrealism more effective,so does the Parrish realm heighten the wonderful fantasy we all like to feel and he expressed.

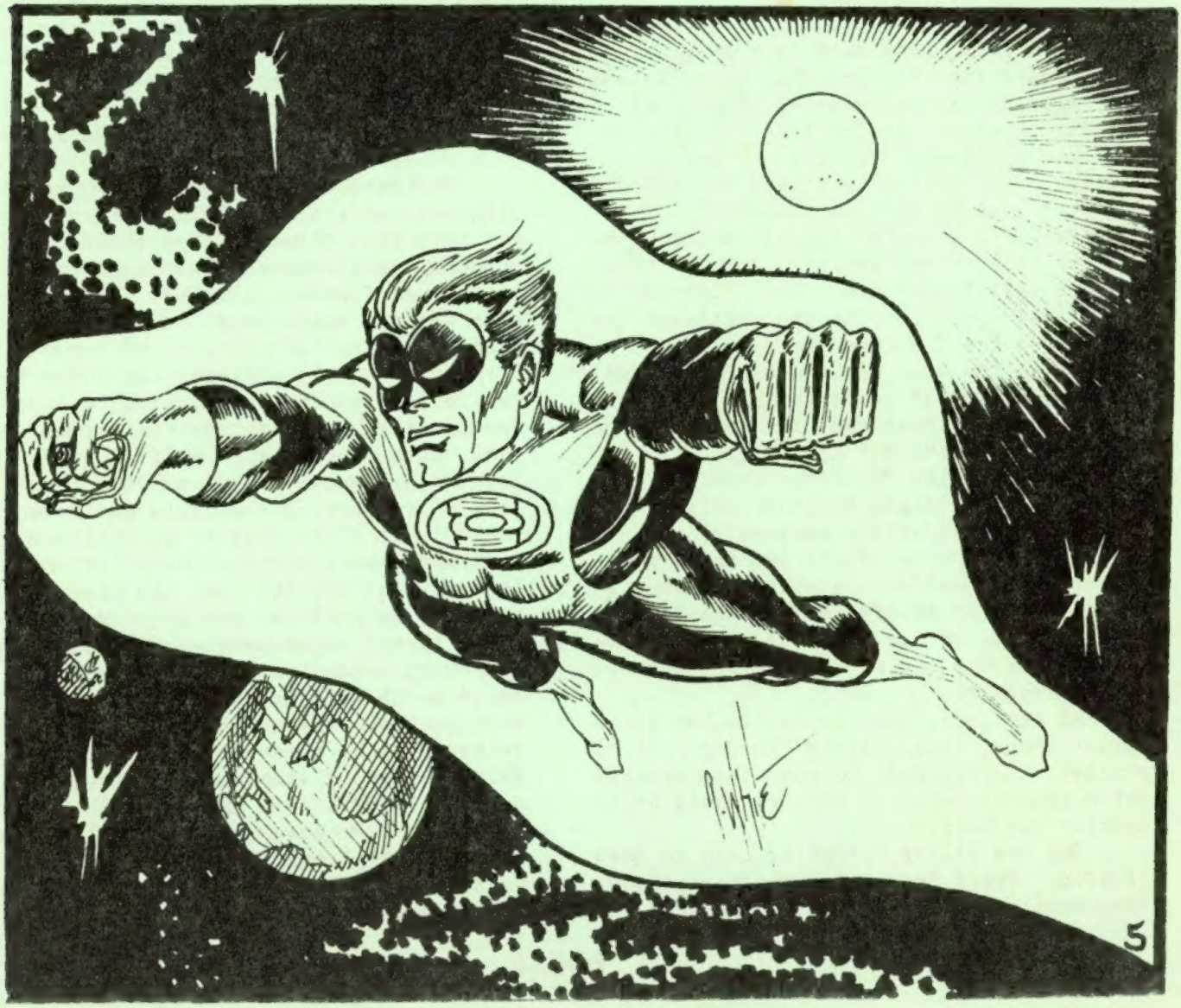
"....Maxfield Parrish is bound in the memory of many...with the sly humor of his drawings for a gelatinous desert, for his robust illustrations for an automobile tire, for his azure evening skies in calendar paintings.And even the sophistocated clientele that is fed daily at New York's St. Regis Hotel has only to look up at the long, thirty-foot wall to be assured the King has not departed..." --Obituary from "The American Artist"

Before the majority of you start bellowing,"What's an article of this nature doing in QUINTESSENCE?", I have a few things I'd like to say.

Basically, QNT is a comics-oriented fanzine. However,we do feel that there are some topics not directly connected with comics that you readers might enjoy. Since most fans are interested in artwork, especially realistic artwork, and since Parrish was one of the most realistic painters of his time, we the editors, thought the majority of you would be interested in such an article.

We had plans to feature perhaps one non-comics article per issue, but if you readers don't want it that way, send in LOC's. QNT's your fanzine; it's your decision.

Mike O'Neal, Editor



MARVELINGS

By Shirley A. Gorman

FREEDOM FOR THE SURFER

The Silver Surfer is one of Marvel's most tragic heroes. He sacrificed a life on his home world with his beloved Shalla Bal in order to preserve that world and love. Now the Silver Surfer is imprisoned on earth unable to roam the universe at will. Tortured by the lost love of Shalla Bal he must ever be confined to this little world of hate, war and cruelty. Or must he?

Surely a space born and bred creature such as Norrin Radd must be able to defeat the barrier imposed upon him by Galactus. His strength and pureness of heart must be the key to unlock it.Too long has the Surfer been a prisoner for his one act of humanity. For daring to thwart the will of Galactus must he ever be punished?

Yet if the Surfer cannot destroy the barrier on his own let him turn to those who can best assist him. Reed Richards or Black Bolt could help.He who shattered the barrier of the Inhumans stronghold must be able to do the same for the Surfer.But not in the same way of course.Within the brain of that Inhuman must rest the solution.And what of Reed Richards? His scientific genius has taken the FF to the moon and back. Cannot that brilliant brain be utilized to aid the sentinel of the spaceways?

Another source of aid can be found in Latveria. Dr.Doom's scientific knowhow is rivaled only by Mr. Fantastic himself. The story of the year could relate how the Surfer obtains the aid of Dr.Doom without his willing consent.

At any rate, and no matter how it is accomplished, the Silver Surfer must be granted the freedom to roam the universe which spawned him. To do else would be to destroy the Surfer.

But the Silver Surfer is also in need of being freed from still another prison. When Shalla Bal was first introduced she was but a memory from the Surfer's past. In the beginning she was a painful but very beautiful memory. Yet the policy as of late has been to reunite the Silver Surfer with his lost love. Is this realism? When Norrin Radd left his world to become the herald of Galactus he also left Shalla Bal. As a memory she was an effective story device. Shalla Bal could have been used to dramatize the agony of the Surfer's existence on earth in much the same way that Bucky Barnes was used to portray the loneliness and agonizing torment of Captain America. Yet by allowing Shalla Bal to appear in the flesh this device was destroyed. No longer is she just a memory. She lives!

The Silver Surfer is a loner. He should not be confined to Earth any more than he should be tortured by seeing Shalla Bal and yet knowing that he can never possess her. The Sentinel of the Spaceways must be free!

THE MOST TRAGIC DAY IN HAWKEYE'S LIFE

The most tragic day in Hawkeye's life occured recently.It all began when the Hank Pyms returned from their honeymoon.Mr.Pym announced that he was giving up Goliath forever. Hooray! As a super hero Goliath always left much to be desired.

Exit the old Goliath and enter the new Goliath. Yes, nothing would do our Hawkeye than to hang up his arrows and step into the role of Goliath recently vacated by Hank Pym. Of all the changes in the Avengers line-up this is the most ridiculous. Just what is so wondrous about a super-hero whose only "strength" lies in the fact that he can grow to an enormous height? How can he be more valuable than a super-hero who has an arrow for every occassion? Granted Hawkeye could never be considered original. Another company already had a similiar character. But he is surely more useful and valuable than a size changing freak.

As Goliath Hank Pym had nothing but problems. Remember when he became a twelve-foot freak for several issues? Hank even admitted that his size changing had contributed to his recent schi-

zoid adventure as YellowJacket.

Yet for Hank the end results were most rewarding. Instead of being trapped in the mediocre identity of Goliath, he now has become YellowJacket. Even though anything would have been an improvement over Goliath, Yellowjacket is a fresh breath of air that should stir new life into the Avengers.

Since the role of Goliath was discarded by Hank Pym, why was Hawkeye so anxious to cast aside his arrows for it? Who knows what possessed Hawkeye to make this most tragic decision. Perhaps he tired of his arrows.Perhaps he was still disappointed that his arrows had failed him in his moment of need. Perhaps Hawkeye merely felt that the grass was greener under Goliath.

No matter what the reason was the fact remains that a terrible mistake has been made. The Avengers can never be the same without Hawkeye.Surely,the man is still there; tho he now bears a new name and wears a new costume; one that makes him look like a refugee from a Hercules movie. But is he the same man who traded a life of crime for a place among the Avengers? Will he remain the same man who loves the Black Widow? Or will this new change in name and costume also constitute a change in personality?

It is true that Hank Pym's new serum is supposed to be more powerful and more reliable than the old one. But how can Hawkeye be sure that the same problems which plagued Hank Pym will not reach out and ensnare him in their deadly trap?

I fear that Hawkeye's decision to become the new Goliath has perpetuated not only the most tragic day in his life but also the most tragic day in the lives of the Avengers.Can they survive the loss of Hawkeye? Can even Hawkeye survive the loss of his arrows? How can Hawkeye ever find fulfillment as a carbon copy of another man's super-hero identity?

If justice must be done Hawkeye must once again take up his arrows. For only then can he find fulfillment as a super-hero.

ENDIT

A FEW MORE WORDS FROM THE EDITOR..

First of all, let me apologize for some of the type on this page.As you can see, I got a new typewriter ribbon, and typos weren't as easy ti correkt. (See?) Don't worri tho, thinfs will get better on the next pagez. (They coeldn't git wurst!) (I hope....)

Again I encourage you to send in LOC's.We can make QNT a good publication only if you guys and gals help. So let's hear from you, gang! Something I'd like to hear comment on is a possible poll in QNT #2. Good idea, or bad one?

Any of you who aren't UCBFI members can join now for only 25¢ (Write to David Tyson or Garrett Everett;addresses on page 2). UCBFI members get a discount on QNT,free sub to any current E.C. comic, and all sorts of other goodies.

Why not subscribe to QNT to insure your not missing an issue?Subs are 3 for $1.00; 4 for $1.00 to UCBFI members. All sub copies are mailed flat, so you see how you can also save money by subscribing. Good deal? Very good!

-Mike-

E.C. AND CENSORSHIP

By Randall Shepherd

"I am mortified to be told that, in the United States of America, the sale of a book can become the subject of inquiry, and of criminal inquiry, too."

Jefferson

The question of whether or not E.C. deserved its disgraceful fate will very probably be discussed in mature fandom circles until fandom itself ceases to exist as a semi-cryptic unit in the literary world. For until then, the haunting nostalgia that was once E.C. will loom forever within every comic-related experience. From Entertaining Comic's shaky cradle, its unchallenged prime, and its untimely grave, the fiber of E.C. wove itself into an eternal legend; even Frederick Wertham and his unscrupulous gang of witch doctor propaganda experts, who, with a hidden grin of sadism as they became the palbearers at the E.C. funeral, felt the raw power of E.C.'s pulsating pages, sensed the awe-inspiring influence of E.C.'s prestige, and knew forever, though behind their sneering mask of cold indifference, that E.C. could never die. They reluctantly foresaw the legend of E.C. flame in the limbo of imagination, flickering until the uncertain fire could again be somehow revitilized, and until some vengeful, fitting lesson can be again played upon the Wertham cutthroats, the E.C. story will be communicated to the offspring of the comic mind for all time by word of mouth, like some folklore that could never be supressed. Older collectors have done this for some ten years now: introducing the younger members to the joy that was E.C., and in turn resting assured the younger members of fandom, when their time comes, will once again transmit the living legend to others. Yes, Doctor Wertham knows this, and though he is content to live in dreams of the conquering of his primary hate: joy through the illustrated media, he also knows the stalking spectre of free thinkers everywhere will always despise him and the atrocities he stands for, and will eventually destroy the dictatorial bulwark he so hastily erected against the natural forces of innocent entertainment. So now we begin with:

CENSORSHIP.

The question of which company has offered the highest quality to a dedicated audience

has never needed to be discussed; it is known by the most novice collector:E.C.,Entertaining Comics. But why was this company,enjoying the wine of success for five prestigious years,made to eventually swallow the bitter dregs of defeat?This article is for those who honestly wonder, as I and the most expert E.C. lover sometimes does,why this happened.

When a company with such talent as Ray Bradbury, Frank Frazetta, and, yes, hard to believe as it is,Guy de Mauspassant,plus a host of inventive, dazzling, but misunderstood writers and artists, are forced to disband a "funny book" venture, by a Senate subcommitee, no less, which has no reason, let alone self-aclaimed "right" to trespass upon the private enterprises of some such company, then something is very definately in need of analysis. When such a commitee,or officially, such a subcommitee,takes their time and tax payers' funds to divert its collective attention from fringe groups (which, by the way, may be burning your town because of this self-same subcommitee's blunders and witch hunts) one begins to clearly see that all is not as it should be. Through the most flagrent and blown up yellow journalism and sensationalism news, a war weary, taxed-burdened public was told that the moral spine of America is being severed by a comic book company they never heard of; again--doesn't this suggest something wholly amis in governmental policies and legislature?

So, to comprehend the means and reasons an innocent, cause-serving company was destroyed, one must first understand the nature of the United States Government.

The United States Government was created solely for one purpose: the protection and physical welfare of Americans from those barbaric or insane enough to use brute force to obtain its ends. But now, somehow, starting with the haphazard policies beginning to be put in use since the 1920's, those pre-depression years, and carrying on until today, our government has branched itself out into such absurd positions that even a contortionist would hesitate to repeat,and even a Houdini would hazard to escape from. The malignant tentacles of this rotten octopus lurk everywhere: we are told whom to live with, whom to sell houses to, when to go to bed, and when to wake up. Doesn't this sway from the original meaning of the government a little?

Some may call the death of E.C. many names. They may call it "protection of still-forming minds" or "public good," or "spiritual advancement," or some such trash. But underlying the weak framework of this hypocritical house, beneath the apologies and glorified "excuses" told those who know better by the starry-eyed idealists warped by the Wertham mentality,lies the true meaning of the wanton murder of such a prosperous company: the systematic destruction of the profit motive and capitalistic ideal. Before I go further, I hope I shan't have to elaborate on capitalism. Victory speaks for itself, and the victory of capital-

ism speaks for itself. We own one seventh of the world's geography, and from capitalism, we own 50% of its goods. Pure, laissez-faire capitalism is the trading of one's goods or talent(s) to others who honestly recognize them as buyable, or usable goods. This is to be done with complete freedom, and with one driving thought, profit, to be capitalism, and not primitive barter. Moreover, and here we begin to see the true meaning of the Senate investigation's insanity, true capitalism can only be workable if it is not interfered with by a government! The days of pure capitalism began to dwindle during the Roosevelt administration and afterward began to disappear at an even faster rate. Capitalism was at its peak when Ford, J.P. Morgan and the heroic exponents of free enterprise roamed the earth. And little do we know that during the 1950's, the closest company to capitalism, unmixed capitalism, was a little known but prosperous company producing a good called Entertaining Comics. Let me illustrate. Every artist at E.C. was given mastery of all he surveyed. They were told to produce what they would, without interference, and the pages they drew would be bought by the managers of this private venture at a modest price (I think the going price for a Wood page of art from Gaines was fifteen bucks). If the product sold, the prices paid artists would be increased. But whatever the artists did, they would be given full authority to decide for themselves what would sell and not, and what was tasteful and not. Freedom was the mainspring by which every thought and action was centered upon. Capitalism, not "pot luck", "fate", or "the insane minds of the youngsters" made E.C. great, nothing else. But in the fifties, it began to be some social sin to become rich, or even try to. We, by the 1950's, were drawing close to the socialism welfare statism we see today. Only E.C. was one of the few private enterprises still practicing a policy of freedom, and because of this policy, they grew wise and rich. That is why the governmental ax fell upon the sacrificial form of E.C. E.C. had too much talent, was too rich, and was, in essence, too dangerous. E.C. was proving that all men aren't created equal, and come proverbial hell or high water, the government would do something about this. The reasons for the government to crack down upon E.C. didn't have to be too precise (and weren't). All the group of experts claiming to be a superior judge for right and wrong for the average juvenile had to do was spout about how comics warp mentalities, or how they breed delinquency, or such rubble. The public is gullible, so reasons didn't have to be offered, merely the pseudo-psychological ravings of Wertham and horrid newspaper articles would do the trick, so the "experts" claimed. Sadly to say, they proved correct.

So, of course, the most ill-suited, hastily self-appointed group of puppets began to move as invisible

strings were skillfully manipulated by a much higher force,and their main job was carefully stage-managed. It was called a vicious play by the name of CENSORSHIP: PART 1. I won't give myself away as a reactionary by stating that censorship is the first step in establishing a dictatorship, for politics, believe it or not, isn't our prime concern. But when a Senate subcommittee is called upon to see if a "funny book" company is running itself right,the private property system slowly becomes a frightening farce.

O.K., one can see how a government may have the right to try to slow the filth influx from decadent Sweden,or try to abridge Frank Harris's autobiography, or maybe even try and ban I Am Curious (Yellow). These tasks may be within the precarious realms of a government's power, but laying rules on how a comic book company operates is nothing short of ridiculous.

Of course, I will not say that E.C. was perfectly innocent in its questionable content, and well meaning when they put the gory element into their tales, but after all, they did sell and make a profit, and although the content may have been,to some,distasteful,that was the prime motive of capitalism: selling. But again, what is obscene? What is in bad taste? By whose standards,by whose taste? Because the Wertham crew, those know-it-all conceits, thought so,is that the standard rule of the thumb for those who don't think distaste has such narrow borders? Also, the most bloody tales were not without a socially-redeeming ending. When a life was taken,or to be more honest,when a body was hacked to pieces and put into a trash disposal unit, or a baseball team decides to dismember a player and use his body parts for playing equipment, there is still an indefinable bit of wry humor,more importantly, a very poetic ending is conveyed to the sometimes shivering reader, that should most assuredly last forever in the dwelling place called his conscious: THE BAD GUY IS A BAD GUY NO MATTER WHAT TITLE IS ASCRIBED HIM; NO MATTER HOW LONG A VILLAIN HIDES OR PROTECTS HIMSELF, A POWER MUCH HIGHER THAN THE ARTIST'S BRUSH WILL PUNISH HIM. That was the message in almost every E.C. story, and if Wertham can criticize that, then he is guilty of a crime far worse than ignorance in the light of knowledge; he is guilty of the crime of blindness in the light of sight.To be sure, the most gruesome stories E.C. presented had a redeeming ending,and all through the story line there was an air of impossibility that made it totally implausible to take the story literally;in fact, and don't take me for a psychotic, I actually enjoyed and laughed heartily at E.C.'s most gruesome romps, and this includes the classic gore tale,"Foul Play", and such. A warped mind, I maintain, can find sadism in any form,and even obscenity in such objects as phone books.

E.C. comics were geared for a basically high mentality, so if some slobbering Jimmy Olsen fan got a hold of some "shock it to me" story by E.C., it is no more the publisher's fault than the immature reader who probably knew from the cover what he was in for. If an incompetent child finds his father's collection of French post cards,thumbs through them with mounting excitement,and is caught with them, is it the fault of the publishers of this entertainment that this child did so? Certainly not! It is the fault of the child for trespassing in forbidden literary/graphic realms. But in the case of E.C. versus the faulty mind, the irrational group of do-gooders almost invariably labeled every problem in America with the label: Poison: contains E.C. But

E.C. & CENSORSHIP CONT'D. ON NEXT PAGE.....

whatever E.C. may or may not have been, they weren't dirty, and they had a loyal following of fans whose enthusiasm more than made up for its lack of numbers. E. C. had a message to tell the public, or the world, and it didn't need a Stan's Soapbox to convey it.

In the constant verbal missile barrage from enemy territory, Gaines had no defense worthwhile. Far ahead of his time,he maintained that people who wrote and drew comics, and only they, could judge what was tasteful and distasteful in the comic media,and that youth should be exposed to all possibilities in life, for life is no fairy tale affair, as so many other inferior companies would have us believe. Still Gaines was subjected to incessant ridicule. But only now we see how much Gaines really understood about the mass media and restrictions imposed on it through censorship. To site an example, you may take into consideration that a much more respected and far-reaching media,the theater, now rates themselves according to the type of movie they produce. If "The Fox" and "Story of O" were being shown nationwide, why couldn't Gaines have rated his own works on their quality, rather than by the neo-Victorian standards of the Wertham cutthroats? While millions see hard-core pornography across the screen of the nation, a little-known cult of persecuted comic readers are sacrificed on the altar of ignorance. And don't you dare say I am oversimplifying a complex matter. Perhaps,though, I am making even a more simple matter complex. For a diagnosis of the Wertham manace doesn't need literary X-rays to see its malignant cancer eating mercilessly at the body of the adventure lover.

So we became the whipping boys;every virtue collecting had was distorted into a bizarre intanglement of self-acclaimed depravity and sadism by Wertham and the boys, and we had to take it, for we had no intellectual base with which to defend ourselves. We battled,but lost the love we called E.C. We became the scapegoats, the excuse for every ill in America. We could only take it. We understood who the real threats were in this real life plot, but could only pull in defiance against the bonds already cutting into our enjoyment arteries. We were responsible, instantly, for every crime in the nation, for we were comic book readers. Yes, middle class America finally had a target to project their deficiencies upon. It must have felt good.

Stereo-typing, anti-capitalism, and the search for a scapegoat are the most dangerous vices in this world.Remember,man is never moved to irrational destruction alone; it is always the masses,or moboocracy, which brings about the ruination of talent.

E.C. died because of a blown-up bogey man; I pray this bogey man is never loosed again by those who would deem themselves saviors. In sincere retrospect, let me close with the following thoughts by a

JOIN UCBFI, OR WE'LL GIVE YOU SUCH A HIT---! (Sorry, Stan)

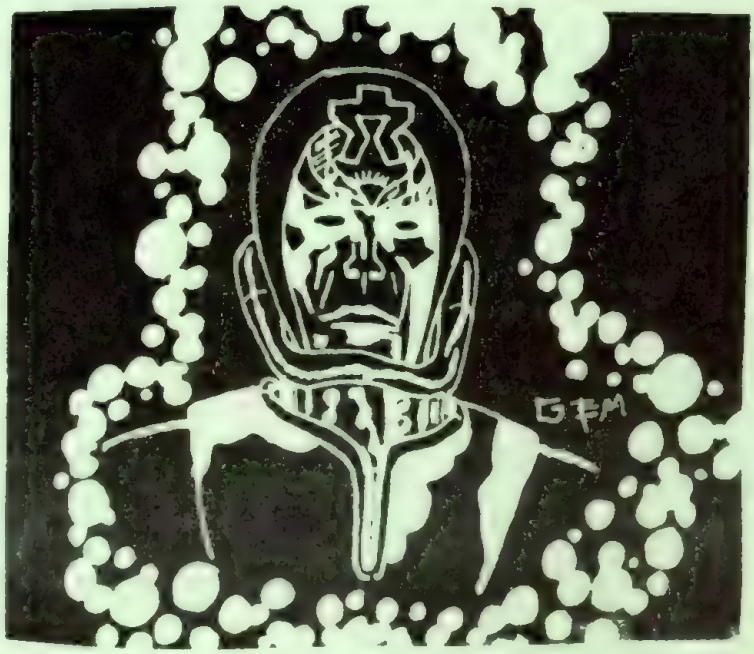
really great man,Bill Parente: "Even now, 15 years later, E.C. remembers so much of our youth to us, nothing could disparge its reign. So in humble homage we relive our vanquished memories in the pages of collectors' books,lauding with heart-felt apathy the end of an era. Ironic like all things,it should mean more to us now that it is gone, than yesterday when it was ours for the asking." FINIS.

Comments, anyone?-Ed.

A QNT INTERVIEW WITH BARRY SMITH

QNT: Are you English by birth?
Smith: Yes, I'm English.
QNT: When were you born?
Barry: ...I'm twenty...
QNT: I didn't ask you that, but if you can't remember your birthday, that's good enough. Tell our readers what you look like.
Smith: A mixture of Starr Saxon/Blastaar/ and the Super Skrull...
QNT: How long have you been doing this type of artwork?
Barry: Er...well, what type of artwork? I've never considered it a type, 'cept of course comic book--is that what you mean? ..Sorry,as I said, my brain's on vacation at the moment, but I hafta stay around to keep the hard working image goin'. Now where was I? Oh yes, well, I've been drawing this way since I can forget...er, remember..not quite so well,if you can call what I'm doing 'well'. I've always drawn comic book style. Infantino turned me on long ago; when I found out about Jack Kirby, and realized what drawing was, I began to improve -- although I feel I have been too influenced by Jack, but now I can't help the way I do things;itz in my blood.
QNT: What occupations, if any, have you held before you were hired by Marvel?
Smith: I used to work for Power Comics, Odhams Press here in London, but we didn't see eye to eye. I used to be a singer, but when I realized I couldn't even gargle in tune,I decided to become what I am, and good grief...whassatt?
QNT: When did you decide that you wanted to work for Marvel?
Barry: When Stan and Jack brought CAPTAIN AMERICA back in Avengers no. 4...
QNT: Have you had any sort of art training?
Smith: Yes, I did three years in Art school in London.I didn't learn a great deal about drawing, but they taught me how to think, and thatz worth thirty years of art training!
QNT: Tell us the story of how you got your job at Marvel.
Barry: I think Stan felt sorry for me..
QNT: Now <u>that</u> is what you call a short story! What comic would you most like to draw?
Smith: That's a long story. If I said, say, Captain America,I'd only be saying that because of what's gone before, Jack's work. I probably wouldn't be able to do Cap as well as Jack, so I wouldn't want to do it (altho, Stan, if yer listening, I wanna do CAP). Then if I said, er...well, a not so well drawn mag, then I'd be saying it because I think the character needs an artist like me (Chili??). Well, I guess after <u>all that I'd really like to try either</u>

INTERVIEW cont'd on next page.....



Cap or the Surfer,something I could freak out on. I'm tired of drawing dining rooms and closets.

QNT: Whose inking do you prefer on your pencils?

Barry: Somebody else asked me that once; I had trouble answering then, and I have now. I really can't say, I'm stupidy choosy, gimme Joe Sinnott and I'll die happy!

QNT: Who is your favorite artist?

Smith: Jack Kirby is without doubt the greatest comic book artist of all time,John Buscema is brilliant, Jim Steranko isn't as good an artist as Jack or John, but he's still great! The only type of art I don't like, or artist, too much is the type that draws what he sees, not what he imagines. You've gotta make the most of every situation. I must admit, I can't always practice what I preach, but I try.

QNT: Barry, I just can't think of anything else to ask you. Is there anything you'd like to tell our readers about yourself?

Barry: My mind's blank also, er....quick, think of something, ya fool, er....what's red with green spots and wears a sherrif's badge? Don't know? Blimey, neither do I..er..ad lib...ad lib....

QNT: Is there a chance that you'll ever be able to draw anything for QNT?

Smith: Certainly, I'll help out where I can. I could probably work in at least one drawing for you; altho I haven't anything at the moment, if anything turns up I'll send it on, promise. If you want me to do something in particular, say for a particular issue, then write and tell me (at least two months in advance!!!), and I'll be glad to oblige. OK?

INTERVIEW DATE --- MAR. 19, 1969

Yes, no matter how Barry tried to avoid us (he tried to escape by fleeing to England)we still managed to corner Mr. Smith, and he graciously consented to an interview (tho the knife in his ribs may have influenced his decision). Gary Groth, editor of Fantastic Fanzine, got an interview at the same time we did. His appeared in #6*7 of his zine--address in ad section.

Many thanks, Mr. Smith.

N E W S

***THE UNITED COMIC BOOK FANS AGAINST DECENCY IN COMICS (affiliated with THE TELL-IT-LIKE-IT-IS SOCIETY) held its annual convention July 12 in New York City. Speakers included Philip Roth,reading the chapters expurgated from Portnoy's Complaint, and Allen Ginsburg, just doing his thing. The feature speeches were addresses were by Mort Weisinger ('The Real Lois Lane') and Henry Pym ('Why the Wasp Was Not My Common-Law Wife'). Highlight of the evening was a raid by Bronx police.

***THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE TO HORSEWHIP JULIUS SCHWARTZ would like to announce that it is not presently soliciting new members, inasmuch as the volume of applica-

tions thus far has overwhelmed the membership department. (signed)Bruce Wayne, chairman."

***QNT would like to express its deepest sympathy to the family and friends of Harlan Muckrack, late Grand Chieftan of THE YANCY STREET GANG. Professor Muckrack was recently found brutally slain in an alley located at the rear of the famous Baxter Building. Investigating officers described the cause of death as "an inhumanly powerful blow by a furrowed object, delivered to the side of the head". A witness to the incident, one Felix Quag, who is thought to be a professional bum and wino, told police the murderer "was an immense orange monster in blue trunks", but unfortunately Mr. Quag's testimony is generally discounted. QNT takes this opportunity to urge the authorities to persevere in their efforts to apprehend the culprit and solve this frightful crime.

***Mark E. Vineyard, once known for his anti-Marvel columns, has recently abandoned his theory that James Steranko is really Jack Kirby. Using Captain America #104 page 11 as evidence, he now tells us that Kirby is Steranko. Just think; Steranko has been using a pen name since he was about 6 years old. Muchos gracias for the info, Mark.

***This report has reached QNT within the past week. Simeon Saliquez, infamous Central American despot and averred anti-American, has ceased to permit comic books to be sold in his country. Unofficial but informed sources state that Saliquez, during one of his maniacal fits, accused comic books of (as he ranted in his deplorable English) "attempting to corrupt the gifted adolescents of our republic with semi-artistic manifestations depicting the despicable mores of the capitalistic imperialists of the Giant of the North". Consequently, President Saliquez has hired several agents to mutilate the comics' art. Thanks to the diligence of the C.I.A., we have now a partial list of these ruthless mercenaries, and we include it here: 'Agents: Tony Williamsune, Ernie Colon, Herb Trimpe, Joe Giella. Number One: Werner Roth. Agent-in-training: Mike D. O'Neal'. QNT would like to propose that these worthless individuals be tarred and feathered on some occasion, preferably immediately.

Send all news to QNT Hq.; address on page 2.

Join UCBFI---a club for all comic book fans. No matter what company is your favorite, this is the club for you. Don't miss out on the fun of being a UCBFI member.

Out of the NIGHT, A THUNDER-BOLT OF PURPLE AND YELLOW SOARS --EVER ONWARD, EVER FORWARD, EVER TOWARD THE WOMENFOLK. BEWARE, MY DAUGHTER-- BAT LASH COMETH TO TOWN!

ALL IN COLOR FOR A ~~DIME~~ ~~12¢~~ 15¢

By Tony Isabella

For the second time in the past decade, the price of the comic magazine has been raised. The 3¢ increase was necessary, very necessary if the comic magazine is to survive the combined attacks of higher production costs and of a diminishing market. The raise in price is also a very temporary measure.

The extra 3¢ per comic will, in theory, enable the comic industry to survive. However, many people have another theory. They think that it's all over for the comic book.

Then, too, many readers (not fans) will moan that the price raise is unfair. I don't think it is unfair at all. I think it was stupid. Downright, just plain stupid.

I thought it was all over for the 12¢ comic a long time before the comic industry did. I think it's all over for the 15¢ comic as well.

The person who should have profit from the raise in price didn't. I'm talking about the store owner, the man who really sells the comics to the public. He made 2¢-3¢ on each 12¢ comic he sold. Today, he makes a cool 2¢-3¢ on every 15¢ comic he sells. No gain.

A dealer has to sell nearly 350 comics a week to make $10. Even stores that have large display space available for comics rarely receive more than 300 comics a week, usually less. Even if they sell 3/4 of the comics they receive (a liberal estimate of what most stores sell), they make less than $7 a week from comics.

And do they have any choice of what comics they receive? No! They have to take whatever the local distributor sends them. (Until recently, after registering a complaint, my local store was not receiving Anthro, Bat Lash, Captain Action, the Hawk & the Dove, and others. It's still impossible for me to get a comic like NIGHTMASTER without going to a half-dozen stores.) One large chain store didn't receive any Marvels and only a few DCs. No wonder they stopped handling comics! No wonder many dealers no longer bother with comics!

Most dealers, however, are much more willing to handle the 25¢ comic. The reason is that the dealer makes 5¢-6¢ on these and can usually sell at least $1 (profit-wise) worth of each 25¢ title he receives. (One issue of the FF Annual was good for over 60 sales at one store. Over $3.50 profit from one title. Think how much the dealer would make if all comics were 25¢.)

It would seem to me that a 25¢ comic would benefit everyone, from publisher to dealer to reader.

But what kind of reader would profit from the 25¢ comic? Certainly not the

little kid! He's satisfied with a 20-23 page story and overjoyed to find a comic with three 8-page stories for his 15¢.

The answer is obvious. The older reader will enjoy 50-page stories more. Will he buy comics? Sure he will. Look at how well Doc Savage sells. The paperbacks are issued monthly,an unprecedented occurance, and they sell like boiling pastry. And to whom do they sell? The high-school student and the college student. I'll gladly match the quality of Bat Lash,Silver Surfer, or Fantastic Four against the quality of Doc Savage. Ditto the reading enjoyment of such strips.

True, it will take a year or so for the new comics to catch on. It will be hard times, perhaps, for a while, but the comic companies must do this to survive. Not only will they survive, but two wonderful things will happen.

First, the childish comics like the Hulk and Jimmy Olsen will disappear.There is no place for them in the new comics scene. They will be ignored and fall by the wayside.

Secondly, the comics will be able to try new ideas while retaining the proven formulas (super-hero, supernatural, war, western, science-fiction); only now these formulas will prove themselves worthy. With new creative freedom,many more writers and illustratirs will try to present their ideas in a comic art format. Comics will finally take their place as a creative and unique art form.

I hope I'll see this change in the next five years. It's up to comics fandom to see that it does.

—TONY ISABELLA

RECOMMENDED READING

I urge all of you to purchase a copy of LEECH, only 10¢, from W.P. Bluhm, D-57 Brook Dr., Chester, N.J. 07930. A letterzine,LEECH discusses things other than comics such as TV, music, religion, etc. A fine publication.

Because of school I am forced to make the following statement: I cannot insure a reply to anyone who does not enclose a stamped, self - addressed envelope.This is because of lack of time and lack of cash. This does not pertain to zine eds unless some of you have a higher income than I do and want to help out. I will still try to answer as many letters as I can, but if you don't enclose a SSAE you might not get a reply. Sorry.

Mike

INDEX TO:

STAR-SPANGLED COMICS

By Gene Reed

STAR-SPANGLED COMICS was perhaps one of DC's best early adventure comics. In its 130-issue life which ended July,1952, it featured a multitude of characters including the Star-Spangled Kid, Captain X, Tarantula, Robotman, Robin, Newsboy Legion, and Liberty Belle. With the exception of Robin, all the aforementioned characters appeared at some time or another in the first twenty issues. This small checklist lists the stories, their artists, and when known, the writers.

It might be interesting to note that the Star-Spangled Kid was featured both on the cover and lead story. For the first six issues,he also enjoyed the status of having two and often three stories per issue , but Star-Spangled Comics changed that. As most fans know, Robotman first appeared then. That was not the primary reason for the loss of the cover. Simon and Kirby's Newsboy Legion made its debut and dominated cover and lead story until their last appearance.

KEY:

AA--------Al Avison	JB---Jon L. Blummer
AC-Arturo Cazeneuve	LB----Liberty Belle
AOTA--Armstrong of	MW---Mort Weisinger
------the Army----	NL---Newsboy Legion
CW-----Chuck Winter	PP-Penniless Palmer
CX--------Captain X	R-----------Rosti
DC-------Don Cameron	RM---------Robotman
EM---------Ed Moore	RR--------R.L. Ross
HSHA-----Hal Sharpe	SSK---Star-Spangled
HSHE----Hal Sherman	------Kid----------
JK-------Jack Kirby	T---------Tarantula
JS-----Jerry Siegel	TNT----------TNT
JSH-----Joe Shuster	U--untitled/unknown
JSI-------Joe Simon	?----------?

No. of pages is enclosed in parentheses()

No. 1 October, 1941 Cover: HSHE

SSK	U	(20) Story: JS Art: HSHE
CX	U	(8) Story and art: JB
T	"Ace-Deuce"	(8) MW/HSHA
AOTA	U	(9) EM Story and art
SSK	"Dr. Weerd and the Metal Monster"	(14) JS/HSHE

No. 2 November, 1941 Cover: HSHE

SSK	"The Vortex of Doom"	(9) JS/HSHE
SSK	"Ring of Rags"	(11) JS/HSHE
CX	U	(7) JB Story and art
T	"The Crime Candle"	(8) ?/HSHA
AOTA	U	(8) EM Story and art
SSK	U	(14) JS/HSHE

No. 3 December, 1941 Cover: HSHE

SSK	"Dr. Weerd"	(11) JS/HSHE
SSK	U	(8) JS/HSHE
AOTA	U	(8) EM Story and art
T	"Port of Missing Ships"	?/HSHA (8)
CX	U	(7) JB Story and art
SSK	U	(14) JS/HSHE

No. 4 January, 1942 Cover: HSHE

SSK	"The Needle"	(13) JS/HSHE
SSK	"Mr. Ghool"	(10) JS/HSHE
AOTA	"Case of the Sand Gun"	(8) EM
T	"The Blade"	(8) ?/HSHA
CX	U	JB Story and art
SSK	"The Flying Buzz Saw"	(10) JS/HSHE

No. 5 February, 1942			Cover: HSHE
SSK	"Moonglow"	(17)	JS/HSHE
SSK	U	(8)	JS/HSHE
AOTA	U	(8)	EM
T	"Warlord of Crime"	(8)	?/HSHA
CX	U	(8)	JB
SSK	"Return of the Needle"	(8)	JS/HSHE

No. 6 March, 1942			Cover: HSHE
SSK	"Citadel of Crime"	(14)	JS/HSHE
AOTA	U	(8)	?/U
T	U	(8)	?/HSHA
PP	U	(6)	RR
CX	U	(8)	JB
SSK	U	(10)	JS/HSHE

No. 7 April, 1942			Cover: JSI/JK
NL	"The Guardian"	(13)	JSI/JK
T	"The Crime Escradille"	(8)	JSI/JK
CX	U	(8)	?/HSHA
RM	U	(13)	JS/JSH
SSK	"The Picture That Killed"	(13) JS/HSHE	

No. 8 May, 1942			Cover: JSI/JK
NL	"Last Mile Alley"	(13)	JSI/JK
SSK	"King Midas"	(13)	JS/HSHE
T	"Trio of Terror"	(8)	?/HSHA
PP	U	(6)	RR
TNT	"Case of the Poison Parrot"	(8)	?/AC
RM	"Horror Hospital"	(10)	?/JSH

No. 9 June, 1942			Cover: JSI/JK
NL	"The Rookie Takes the Rap"	(13) JSI/JK	
SSK	"Crime by the Chapter"	(13)	JS/HSHE
T	"Storm over Souciyan"	(8)	?/HSHA
PP	"Case of the Warbling Worm"	(6)	?/U
TNT	"Mystery of the Mother Goose Mob"	(7)	?/AC
RM	"The Vanishing Millions"	(10)	?/JSH

No. 10 July, 1942			Cover: JSI/JK
NL	"Kings for a Day"	(13)	JSI/JK
SSK	"Education of East-Side Eggbert"	(13)	JS/HSHE
T	"Four on a Web"	(8)	?/HSHA
PP	"Case of the Petrified Poet"	(6) ?/R	
TNT	"Case of the Spendthrift Miser"	(8)	?/AC
RM	"The Murder Master"	(10)	?/JSH

****

In QNT #2, if you readers so wish, we shall list Star-Spangled Comics 11-20, indexed by Gene Reed. Are any of our readers able and willing to list issues past #20?

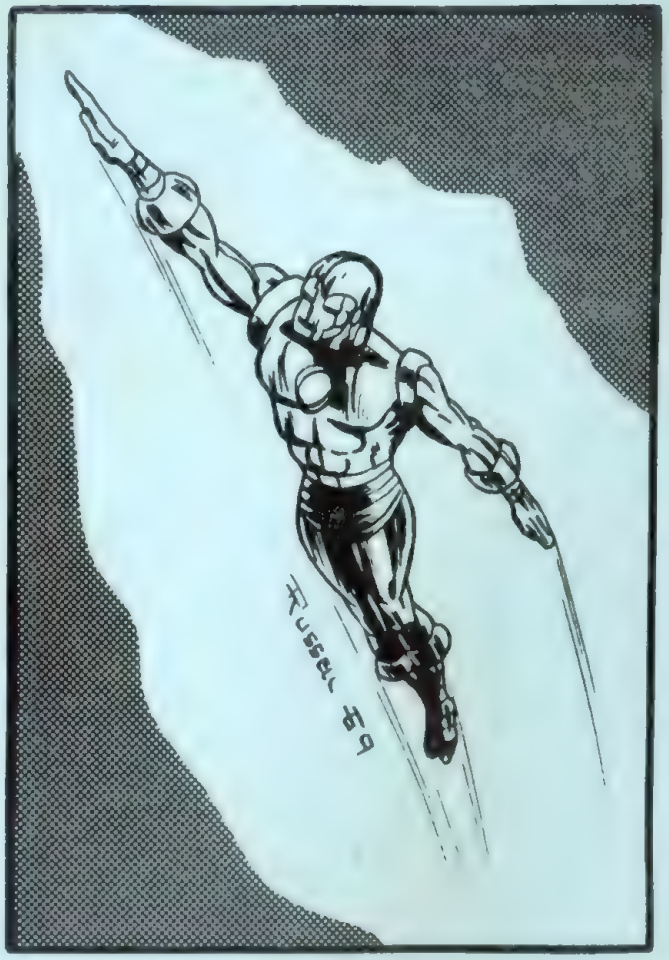
****

I hope that all of you who bought this publication feel it was worth your money. We had some rough times on a few pages, but they're straightened out now. We hope each of you will join us again next issue; with luck, it will be far superior to this one. If you do order #2, please do so <u>now</u> so we can get the second issue out soon. We would like to publish on a bi-monthly schedule, but this can only be done with a large percentage of advance orders. So <u>please</u>, send your money as soon as you can.

QUINTESSENCE #1 is dedicated to David Tyson, Garrett Everett, Bucky Larkins, Klaus Janson, Ted White, John Cornell, Dave Russell, Shirley Gorman, Barry Smith, Tony Isabella, Randy Shepherd, Max Gottfried, Gene Reed, Roy Dunlap, Gary Groth, Todd Freeman, Warren Bluhm, Doug Smith, Rich Conaty, Jay Owens, Scott Shaw, Jim Mendelsohn, Tom Orzechowski, Jay Zaremba, Susan Pasternack, Carmine Infantino, Jim Steranko, William Lund, Fred Wertham, all UCBFI members, and Mike O'Neal.

We want to get QNT #2 out in November, so we would appreciate it if you would order at least by Halloween.

First down.



Beware
CREEPER

UNITED COMIC BOOK FANS INTERNATIONAL

Official Newsletter

Greetings Members!

You have before you the first issue of the official UCBFI Newsletter.

The name of this publication was originally to be called QUINTELEGRAM, however, this name was dropped for the want of a better one (one that we have yet to come up with).

Also, we need a good suggestion for a club symbol, (i.e.- a design) What's more, if mebers can think of a better club mascot than the Mute Pygmy, write in and say so. Because prizes of three issue subscriptions to QUINTESSENCE are awarded to the person(s) who come(s) up with the best suggestions for (1) club symbol (2) name for the Newsletter.

Congradulation time, folks!..... and first in line for recieveing praise are our membership chairmen. Namely:

Membership chairman #1- Shirley Gorman
Membership chairman #2- Scott Shaw
Membership chairman #3- Roy Dunlap

And speaking of Roy, he just happens to be the head of our members correspondence dept. (Another atvantage of being in the club) In this department, members may write Roy or myself to get a list of other members wishing to correspond with other fans about comic-oriented subject matter. (Addresses of Roy and myself below).

The current theme of the UCBFI is "Up with comics" and all members are asked to support the folks at DC and Marvel in particular.

Our first opinion poll (if you can call it that) is below. results will be in the next Newsletter.

Question 1) What do you think of the current avalanche of "Weird", "Voodoo", and "Terror" type magazines?
2) What do you think of DC's "New look"? Do you consider it an improvement from the past?
3) Name your favorite comic artist and writer.

Due to lack of spacethat's all, howeverhopefully, next ish we'll be 2 pages instead of one and we can have a better poll. Write.
Roy Dunlap corresp. chrmn.
David Tyson UCBFI President 1230 J st Broad Albany, GA 31705

Until next time, or, as the Mute Pygmy would say " !"

N. C. S. REVIEW

What? You haven't ordered for NCS REVIEW #4? Well, you still have time to reserve your copy if you order now. The contents of this fourth issue are:

(1) A cover of Captain America and other Marvel characters (8 of them) by Navis Carlisle.
(2) "The Old Marvel...Reborn?" by Gary Groth. This article goes into the history of Marvel covers, and shows the similiarities and differences of today's covers to yesterday's.
(3) "The Artists That Build Marvel's House". An article concerning the art and artists at Marvel, but mainly this article is about the change of the artists from one strip to another, and thus down-grading the quality.
(4) "Pit of the Dead Thing". A sci-fic story about the evolution of man.
(5) "Conquer the Council". A fan-fiction story starring Iron Man and the old Hawkeye.

The NCS REVIEW art staff includes some of the best artists in fandom: Navis Carlisle, Mike O'Neal, Ron Sutton, and Max Gottfried.

NCS REVIEW is photo-offset, with wrap-around binding and reduced print. Single copies are 35¢, 25¢ to members of the National Comics Society. There is a 25¢ entrance fee to join the NCS. If you would like to join, send 25¢ for the entrance fee and 25¢ for issue #4 (50¢ total). Subscription rates are $3.00 for 12 issues, NCS members only.

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** "HE WHO RIDES THE NIGHT WINDS" by Shirley Gorman
** "MYSTERIOUS MIRICALE" by Bill Cantey
** "THE PENMEN OF TERROR" by Gordon Matthews
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** "DISSECTING THE HEART OF MARVEL" by Pat Janson

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